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This is Intaglio. The name is not indicative of what lies inside; this publication is made by a photo-offset method, not by hand-graving of plates.

This is Intaglio. The name is a fixed inheritance, fixed to the same degree that Dave Hawkins inherited the name Student Association at the beginning of the year.

This is Intaglio. It is not a newspaper, as the word is applied to the Globe or the Avatar. It comes out too seldom to carry more than annually-valid news; such articles as you will read in this issue are, if interpreted as news, such news as is annually valid; such news has been valid since Altamira.

This is Intaglio. It is not restricted to being a magazine, if, indeed, it can be classed as such; it has no staples to restrain the wayward impulses of center pages, and, other than editorials defining the function of that issue, there are no regular issue-to-issue features.

This is Intaglio. Call it what you will; we have come to accept the fact that it can and will evolve and change as it will. Intaglio is what is printed in Intaglio.

Why, then, is this Intaglio? Intaglio exists because we enjoy the feeling of creation in other fields than our own specializations; because we enjoy creating something that is ours, and that, other than our faculty advisors, is only ours. It stands if we make it stand.

Intaglio is because we like to see something published with the unwritten label, "student creation of Massachusetts College of Art". Intaglio is because there appears, more often than is popularly imagined, hidden under the name of assignment and the label of a grade, artwork of one art form or another that simply has to be shared with everyone. Intaglio is because, for all the tribal ritual of the upperclass mystics, we are artists and hence do blow our cools.

Intaglio is a publication. This label in the misty world in-between newspaper and book, can be used; it is indeed published. Aside from that, what labels may be affixed to it vary with each issue, with what is contributed to it, with what is said in it, with what is presented in it, with what it is.

And, Intaglio is. There are enough of us who are interested in Intaglio to keep it functioning, to put our names, if no one else, into print.

There will be strange things done to Intaglio, as far from that name as the name "Herald Traveler" is from its true function. "Intaglio" is the one other label which you can affix to it; It is a handy symbol, signifying nothing in its present usage, and may thus be almost totally demolished with impunity. We might, and we might not; but whether we do or not, everything about "publication Intaglio" will gradually assume a role in making it a vehicle of our -- and your -- expression.

C. R. BRYAN III

To The Editor:

### Massachusetts College of Art - Where Is That?

In order to get any financial help the public has to know it exists! One way to get a little recognition for the school and its students would be to establish gallery shows at other colleges in the area. Arrangements could be made with theaters and stores downtown as well. This would establish good relations with the public which holds the purse strings to the establishment of a new school. For the painting majors especially this would provide an insight into the operation of a gallery show and the reaction of the public to their works. A percentage of the sales could be put aside for scholarship aid. People are unwilling to support a school they never heard of so it is up to the students to spread the word. What better way exists than through our artistic senses?

*Matty Keezer*

### S A ASSEMBLY

The Student Association of Massachusetts College of Art was dying, slowly and ineffectually smothering itself, by itself, in itself onto oblivion. God being good gave insight to the few who, realizing it's destiny and attempting to defy fate called an assembly of it's members to mind responsibility.

A new constitution, a new election, a new hope for the betterment of student intellectualism. The Intaglio is supported by the Student Association. Without the S.A. there will be no voice for the communication of student thought.

The new officers 1968-69

*Robert Pollock*  
*Frank Simon*



what is art ?



Lawrence Kufgerman -

Judy: Is there art?

Mr. Kupferman: Yes. Art is the projection of the mind and soul by the use of plastic means. Art is the manipulation of form.

J: Are there artists, as such?

K: Yes. An artist is one who is producing works of Art.

J: Of what does art consist?

K: Art is divided into two parts, the subject and the means of expression. The formal aspect of art is art. Art is divided into groups by evaluation such as good, bad, great, and soon by the way the artist handles the form through any medium. Well, what is form? First and foremost, it is the plastic manipulation of the elements of color, tone, volume, space, line, texture, rhythm, and movement -- and the integration of all these elements into painting or sculpture or architecture-- into homogenous (thoroughly organized) structures.

J: Can art be bad?

K: Yes. Standards are constantly changing, and as time changes predications change.

J: What is good art?

K: Good art tries to tell the story of being alive today, now, of the significance of our times. Good art attempts something: the ideals or brutality, for example, of Goya or Rosco. Today art is subjective and deals with states of being.

The most important art development of the last one hundred years is surrealism. You can compare the impact of surrealism on art with that of Freud on today's culture. Surrealism deals with the subconscious as in Miro, Klee, Dali, and Rene Margritte.

J: Is art experience?

K: Yes.

J: Is experience art?

K: No.

J: Is the happening art?

K: No, not necessarily as constituted today. Probably in the future.

J: Why?

K: Because it lacks control. It's too accidental.

J: Is environment art?

K: Yes. I propose to build a chapel, dedicated to the ancient Hebrew religion...With walls you can walk through on movable pins. Painted canvas walls, too. Walls of lucite with ornaments in the lucite. Mr. Abbott says he'll help me make some tiles for one wall. Ceramics! I love ceramics! There can be many designers on one project. It doesn't have to be the work of one artist. I want a floating ceiling. The ceiling should float.

J: Can an artist control results?

K: Not absolutely.

J: Is this bad?



K: No. Because things happen in the making which you didn't plan. Things happen in natural, organic, developmental ways. I start by doing some drawings and by the time I get to painting things happen. I let them happen.

J: Is a painting which does not emit the same response to all a failure?

K: You see you can't control the response of everyone. All people interpret differently because of their experiences.

J: Is it necessary to be schooled in art to be a critic of art?

K: Yes. In order to be a valid one, yes. Those who are not trained, their opinions are only as valid as their experiences. You see, most people that go to museums don't go to judge but to learn and to enjoy the art and the general environment of a museum.

J: What about the artist who paints for himself?

K: There are none in my opinion. All artists want (whether they say so or not) to be shown in museums. They want a response to their art, they want appreciation, because art is a mode of communication.

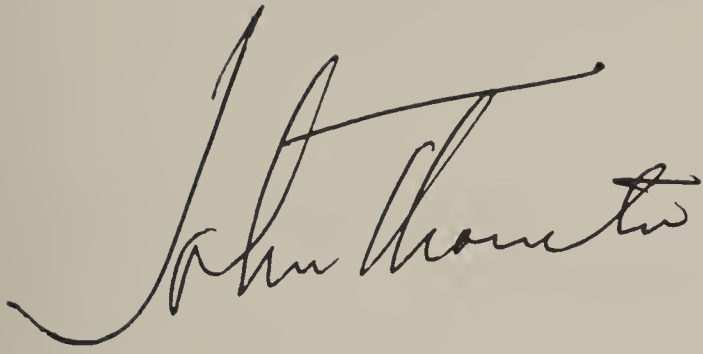
There's a lot of art but Art is beautifully done, whether it is an illustration or what. Art is beautifully done.



Everything is art. One of my students brought in a batch of fudge the other morning. It was the best fudge I ever ate. There is an art to making real good fudge. There's good fudge, there's bad fudge, and there's indifferent fudge. The best fudge is the result of a creative act coupled with invention. Art is the same.

I dislike intensely soft Brussels sprouts.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Thorne". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

I wonder all the time about "What Art Is." Maybe that's part of what being an artist is -- trying to answer that question. I wonder most why so many very difficult things are called "Art" and preserved in museums and libraries. Their only common quality would seem to be that each object is made by a man, like myself, who tried to set down or give real form to that concern and the idea which he was beset by. Having finished, he must have stood back, as I have, and seen himself in what he made. And when I look at his work I feel close to him and know that I am like him.

It is much easier to decide what "Art" is not. I know that any object which does not embody the existence of its creator, whether in formal abstraction or expressionist execution, only adds to the avalanche of anonymous, industrial garbage that engulfs us and need not be preserved as "Art".

David Bumbach

What you want is either a thesis or a gross generalization. Being lazy, I resort to the latter.

Without intensity, without brutal honesty, the young artist gets caught in the clattering superstructure of the ephemeral public relations man. The disappearing boundaries between art and technology offer a growing frontier, a great optimism, an emphasis on public man.

But I am distressed over the profuse, emasculated product of the many bandwagons, and I feel the young artist avoids too smugly the living history, the real fire of Massacio and Monet.





Richard P. Marry

Frankly, I'm not sure. My world has evolved around people in the business and industrial worlds.

I guess I would say that art is a creative expression of someone with ability to expose an idea in some art form.

Not being art oriented, I wonder about the meaning of various art forms. Why is there so much emphasis on contemporary art? What meaning can this art have for others? What happened to the more traditional art forms?

To the layman I suppose these are typical reactions. It may be that the process of development of the individual artist requires a familiarity with a variety of techniques.

In any event, I do have admiration for those people who have creativity in the arts, just as I have admiration for all truly creative people. Fortunately understanding and appreciation of art is something which can be acquired and enjoyed by laymen.

Ronald W. Hayes

Art is anything which causes an extraordinary feeling more than once. This is, of course, a very broad, all-inclusive statement which is open to all manner of qualifications. However, I feel that we live within a narrow, reasonably constant level of experience and anything which elevates or depresses our emotions out of this range may be considered art. This becomes more tenable if upon viewing or considering the same thing again the emotional experience is duplicated.

The "thing" may be the beauty of a painting, the harmony of music, the excitement of a film, the precision of machinery, or a natural object. The art of now has become married to the scientific. Easel painting is looked upon disdainfully. Yet all is valid. There is no single, all-encompassing "ism".

To the question - Does art have to be man-made? - the answer is no. This concept is a product of society and should not be considered as valid. Art exists in all human, natural, and mechanical forms and is both happenstantial and rational.

Must art communicate? Yes, but communication exists on many levels. It can be stretched to the point of expressing the very basic emotions. Art can communicate very subtle ideas and obviously does not necessarily communicate in specific terms.





*Robert Barsamian*

Rathbun: Do you consider yourself a painter as such?

Barsamien: No, not a painter of canvas but a construction painter. I get more satisfaction from construction. I consider the canvas as a barrier and \$-D can be touched and moved, thus a better identification with the art.

R: How do you see our sophomore painters in comparison to yourself or other sophomore painters of the recent past at Mass Art?

B: It's really scary to see what they're doing! I often find myself regretting that we were not where they are now. We did not have the opportunity or insight for such diversified forms of expression. Their approach is much more thought out in their painting. And all around better ideas! If work is not important yet, it will come. They have a better chance than I did. Sometimes I feel as if I'm starting on a sophomore level again.

R: Who do you work for?

B: Myself as much as my audience and my society.

R: You're a musician? Correct?

B: Yes, I play the trumpet.

R: Does your music affect your art?

B: Yes, I paint as if I hear music. I can hear it in my head as I work. And I often work to music. What I paint or make is often affected by the type of music around me. I am continually listening, and that sound goes on with the paint.

R: Do you feel that antique art is more significant than our "Nouveau-Nouveau" painting?

B: Yes, I think it is. But of course contemporary painting inevitably had its roots in antiquity. It is essential to wear contemporary thought while painting not more than an elaboration of contemporary thought.

R: On the subject of specific painters, do you feel that Andy Wyeth and Jack Levine are very significant contemporary artists?

B: Andy, in one way. They preserve an old poetic feeling in man. They are so good and so poetic that they can't go unnoticed. It's all up in the air -- where art's going to. There are too many scattered ideas. ---No set thing.

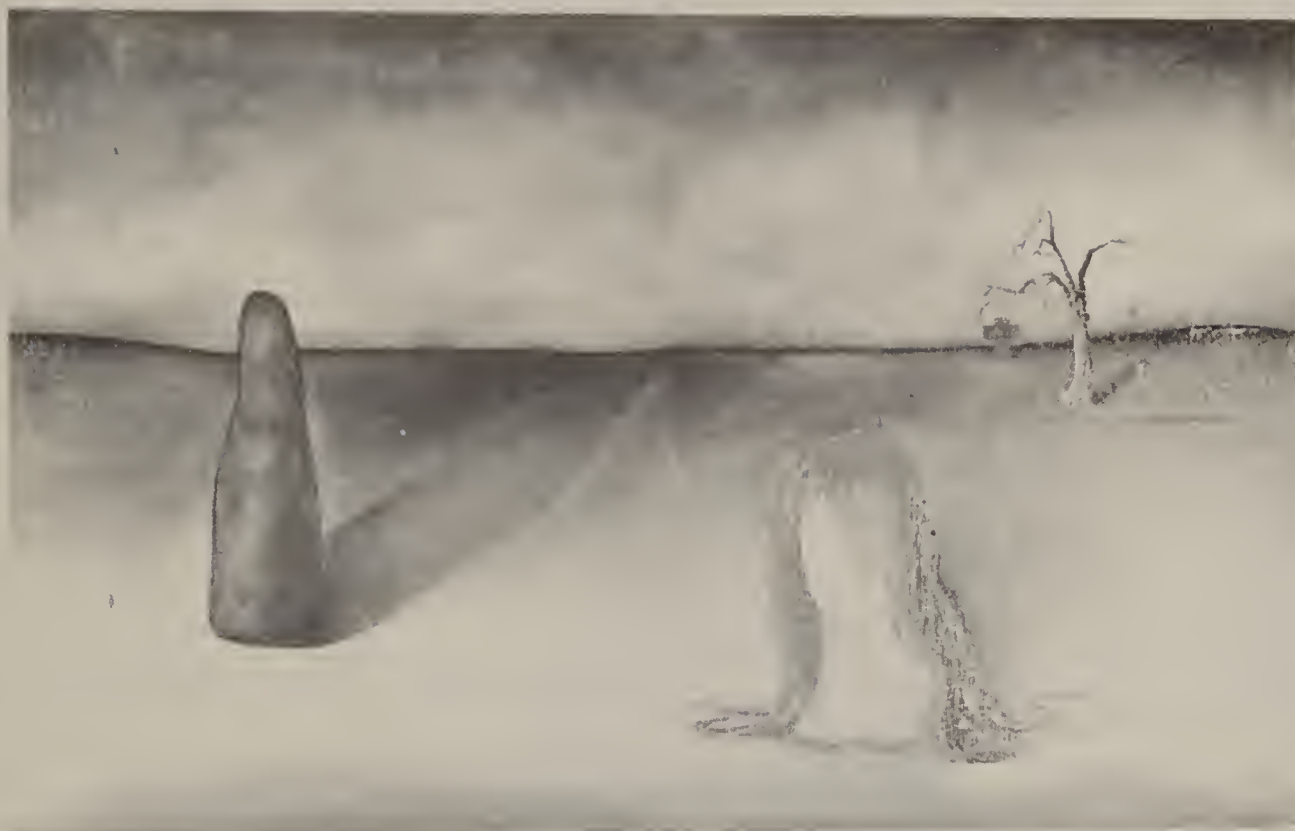
R: Do you think "Nouveau-Nouveau" is the most important earmark of the twentieth century?

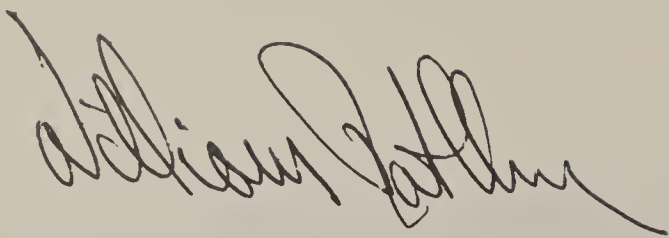
B: No -- as I said -- all of their ideas have been done before.

R: Is the philosophy of "newvers" antique?

B: "Newvers" -- Yes.







In this interview Bill justifies his painting by answering four questions. The first question asked was;

1- What and why do you paint?

- a) Painting for the means of learning to control the media, which can be seen in his "Blue Cat" painting.
- b) The emotional expression type, which can be seen in his "Dr. Dewiddell".
- c) Social protest is another type of his work found in his "Construction of a Hanging Man".
- d) His final category is experimentation and this can be seen in his "Hanging Panel Constructions".

In concluding this quest, Bill stated that he had no feeling of reaching a permanent result and his work is still too loose and not as unified as he wished it to be.

2- My next question was what do you get out of painting?

Bill answered with tremendous exercise, meaning he found it impossible to co-ordinate his own thoughts. He finds a great deal of satisfaction in resolving problems in color and design. He finds painting a great emotional relief. He likes to think of his work of having some personal historical value as a means of looking back at them. He doesn't want to be classified as an Avant Garde or as a classical painter. He feels his paintings record emotion as well as history. He feels he is recording emotions of those who don't have the ability to do so in this media; for example, the draft dodgers and other social protesters.

3- Next, I asked what he thought of contemporary painting?

Bill answered "marvelous". He thinks a lot of it is cold and sterile, because it comes from such an environment, not that it is bad or good. He has no personal empathy for it because he doesn't live in such a manner. He doesn't believe painting is dead.

4- The final question I asked Bill was: Do you think what you paint is art?

Bill's final answer was "most certainly". He said it may not be intellectual art or significant art. Anything which records an emotion for the sake of recording an emotion is art - even Keen's work is art.



rob macintosh



Charles E. Abbott

The art of today is being shown in the galleries of New York and in the contemporary-minded museums of United States; it is being talked of by senior painters at Massachusetts College of Art; but if you want to know what art is, watch Jeff Smythe throw a tea bowl. Art was the well-doing of anything necessary. I think of art as an human act, that of doing or making anything for good use. I ask: who can make a good cherry pie?

In the senior class in the Ceramic Department there are three would-be artists: Rachael who wants to decorate meaningfully functional pottery, Gina who wants to express soul and spirit in clay form, and Bill who takes medieval form and tries to bring back to contemporary world through new form and word a message to man. Also in the same class are three non-artists: Nancy with her child-like games and fun and her form-material-organic creations; Patty struggling with West-coast funk-love and Patty; and Manny's intellections of untheatrical worldly objects made of clay. The latter three are the ones who call themselves artists and challenge any denial of that title to them.

Because my definition does not apply to art of today and to my three students, I use the term non-art, not implying any condemnation but only to designate difference between the old and the new. I also wish to avoid a conflict and rebellion as implied in the term anti-art. Properly referring to art of today what is this non-art? If it is in opposition to my definition of art, it is the poorly doing of something unnecessary. This would be only half correct because most non-artists are exceptionally good craftsmen or their ideas are executed by professionally trained people. A problem is that nothing an artist can make today is needed. Caught up in this depersonalized machine age the artist is a useless member of society. He is alienated. The media has become his message. It isn't that he cannot make a good cherry pie; it is that he doesn't want to, at least not one that a person can eat.

Everyone knows what art was, can identify it (see Boston Museum of Fine Arts), can like it or not, and study it (in any art school), but what is art? What is the scene today of museums, galleries, magazines, and professionals? What is this big business and international attitude? In terms of McLuhan it is "hot": I call it non-art. It is excitement in this country that has too much of everything that man can invent and manufacture for a profit. It asks for spectator participation. It is the making and/or doing with sincere personal interest of anything without any use whatsoever. The tendency is for the mind to rule over the emotion.

In the Ceramic Department two ways are going simultaneously; One the conventional and traditional ceramic design, the other using ceramic techniques and materials to make the "thing" - art and non-art. What is the recipe for this cooking school (MCA) for cherry pie? Is it the archaic flour, milk and shortening? No! Art today is cybernetics, light, sound, and action. It happens!



Nancy J. Haigh

You are in Art School. Do you think you are an Artist? Do you call yourself one? Did someone say to you, "You are an Artist"? For that matter who should you see to get the title 'Artist'? After all you can't bestow it on yourself. But then who do you suppose has the right or the power to give you that coveted title? Is it the museum that shows the work? Is it the critic who explains it, or is it the collector who buys it?

I say its You, your own head, that says yes, you are an Artist. It seems ridiculous for any one person to say what is Art and what is not Art. To me something is Art if I say it is.....If I make something and intend for it to be Art, then it is!!

What worries the 'old school'(anyone who doesn't think TODAY) is the fact that there seem to be no criteria and no established requirements in the making and judging of a 'work of art' today. Of course not! If there were, all you would have to do is follow them and you would have ART. (Just thenk, you could mass-produce ART and make 'millions'.)

I say to hell with 'What is Art'. Make what you want - And if you like it and it comes out the way you want, then write ART on it and show it and tell the 'old school' where to go!

P.S. You realize, of course, that just because you made this 'Work of Art', doesn't mean its any good.



A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Daniel Kelleher". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first name and last name clearly distinguishable.

When first encountering the question, "What is art?", Mr. Kelleher reacted with silence, then jokingly, "I forgot!" and finally, "That activity involving the joy of creativity which borders on play. The end of art should not overwhelm the process, its fulfillment equalling the construction. Art is developing toward a more public appreciation and the artist, reciprocally, has a responsibility to the public but not one of proselytizing. Art has been adopted and/or produced by a special group of promoters responsible in some cases for sudden surges of popularity. Most art evolves slowly; as an artist is more keenly aware of this the work gains in integrity. There is no dead end in the personal development of art. The limitations are imposed by others."

On the difference between the art scenes of N.Y.C. and Boston, Mr. Kelleher views Boston as peripheral in relation to New York, though this is not necessarily detrimental.

It would seem a natural and justifiable response on the part of a working artist, when confronted with that well-worn, ultimately unanswerable question, "What is Art?" to either place his thumb on his nose in an appropriately contemptuous gesture or to point emphatically in the direction of his work, which surely says all that can be said about how that particular artist feels at that moment about art.

The teacher-artist, or more politely, the artist who teaches, may have a higher degree of verbal responsibility, but even he would be forgiven for copping out on a question which has, after all, been around at least since the Renaissance and has been grappled with, with some success, only by minds equal to the other ultimate philosophical life questions. The fact that Benedetto Croce, Leo Tolstoy, Clive Bell, Suzanne Langer, to name a few, have bent their distinguished minds to the challenge, each arriving at a different definition of art, and that, less directly, a multitude of art critics and aesthetic scholars daily grind out miles of words roughly toward the same end, would seem to point up the futility of seriously engaging such a question in this format.

It also seems appropriate to note that such stupefyingly ultimate questions as "What is Art?" appear annually, toward the end of the semester, as ineluctably as the equally sobering appearance of final grades. The question itself may even have been thrown down by the courageous instructor (attack is better than defense), perhaps in a desperate attempt to cut through stacks of visual rubbish with one clean stroke. It is, in any event, an appropriate signal for eyeglass polishing, touch of the beard, tap of the pipe, ha-rumph, ha-rumph, student doodling, etching on the desks, eyes glaze, heads droop, soft, nasal ka-zzzz, ka-zzzz.

Years ago, let's say before 1945, one imagines that such a discussion about the nature of art, despite over 60 previous years of challenge, innovation, turmoil, anti-art manifestos, etc., still could be conducted in a relatively assured way.

After all, most participants knew that the discussion rested upon a loose grouping of works which, however challenging, were generally understood to at least contain the quality of art. One then could direct his attention not to questions of understanding, and response to individual works, but directly to a definition of the intangible quality felt to be present.

Today, with many artists working against the separation of art objects from everyday life objects, it is increasingly difficult to even designate the quality which one is trying to define. The questioner is unsure of his question and the participants forced to fatuous replies; the unabashed put on--a grafting of "Peanuts" and Ad Reinhardt:

"Art is a well-scrubbed cuticle."

"Art is a peanut butter and grape jelly sandwich."

Or the all-knowing platitude, which neatly manages to say everything and nothing at the same time:

"Art is the expression of emotional meanings in the organized pattern of a medium."

"Art is a statement about the nature of reality."

"Art is the communication of values."

"Art is the solution of a problem which cannot be stated until it is solved."



What, then, would compel one with a limited degree of scope to attempt to meet this question seriously, at length, to treat its appearance as other than a reflection of a mock-serious stance on the part of the editors of Intaglio or another predictable manifestation of moral and artistic puberty? It would seem to me to be the very real sense of bewilderment--one might even say desperation--conscious or not, that in recent years stands behind all the familiar art meaning queries, no matter how frivolous, routine or bizarre the context; The kind of desperation that binds everyone--artist, student, teacher, layman--to a mutual obligation for at least occasional serious discourse. For the young student, nurtured by his family and high school art program on a view that presupposes a relatively unchanging nature of art, that is, that painted images represent people or scenes in a real world, and therefore convey, even if in a simplified abstract form, what the viewer holds to be generally understood emotions or moral values, it is no wonder that he may feel a sense of frustration and bewilderment as he becomes increasingly aware of the art world around him. The desperation, I would think, lies not in the enormity of the task of comprehending the nature of this new art, difficult as this may be, but in deciding between making the attempt or holding on to values already understood, with the idea of making them do for oneself.

He must consider, for example, a huge painting too large for an average home, in which parallel stripes of vibrating color fill the entire canvas. (Kenneth Noland)

- A 20 foot canvas spray-painted with one delicate color, an amorphous grey-violet from top to bottom, broken only by a thin, carelessly daubed line of green at one edge. (Jules Clitski)
- The Oldenburg underground sculpture, a trench dug and filled by union gravediggers in back of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.
- The recent food sculpture exhibition in Los Angeles in which the works (eg. figures in olives and cream cheese, mustard and chocolate drops) were devoured (literally) by the viewers at the close of the day.
- Tony Smith's huge, black, geometric "presences" one of which is a five foot cube.
- Allen Kaprow's "Overtime" in which, from dusk to dawn, a community will be engaged in erecting and moving 200 feet of silo fence one mile through the woods.
- Rauschenberg's erasure of a deKooning drawing exhibited as "erased deKooning by Robert Rauschenberg."
- Carl Andre's 120 bricks arranged according to their mathematical possibilities.
- Frank Stella's recent exhibition of Day-glo paintings, based on permutations of a tondo and three fan-shaped arcs.
- The "cosmic" image paintings of Adolph Gottlieb now at the Guggenheim Museum.
- The list is endless, and the variations of concept and expression just as long.

If the viewer chooses to hold on to his preconceptions he may end up saying, "I like what I like," or, "I know what I like," though he may really mean, "I like what is familiar and what I understand." This can lead to increasingly ignorant and irresponsible statements about either the whole of contemporary art or selected aspects which are the least comprehensible



and therefore the most offensive. Worse, desperation may increase to the point of terror, so that given the chance to visit a new exhibition, fear overcomes even curiosity, and another opportunity for knowledge, inspiration and increased sensibility is passed by. An attempt to make sense out of such diverse and challenging experiences would appear to be the only honest course; for knowledge and understanding, more than ever before, are the prerequisites for appreciation.

The first step, it would seem, would involve an attempt to relate what one perceives visually to some kind of unifying comprehensible structure. The following brief and necessarily superficial categories are arbitrary and hardly adequate, either as complete statements or valid substitutions for a receptive visual experience. They are only a place to begin.

### Historical

One of the most aggressive characteristics of contemporary art is a determined, relentless testing of the limits of every art medium.

In music, traditional harmony has been demolished by atonal sounds, electronic, computerized notes, "found" natural sounds; compositions based upon mathematical (12 note) permutations -- even an exploration of the expressive "non-sounds" between notes, as in a totally silent 4 minute 33 second composition by John Cage.

Modern theater often replaces the traditional proscenium and linear plot structure with a circular stage and presentations which not only physically involve the audience (actors emerging from, addressing, or joining the spectators) but with plots which purposely resist understanding in terms of conventional narrative and dramatic resolution. Modern dance has gone the same way, not only stripping away traditional choreography, but introducing electronic music composed and played without relevance to the movements of performers.

Commercial films such as "Last Year in Marienbad," and the Beate movies were the progenitors of an increasing number of films which have broken with plot continuity and introduced experimental film editing and photography, an area inventively explored in films by artists such as Andy Warhol, Larry Rivers and Robert Whitman, and to a lesser extent, in television programs like Rowan and Martin's "Laugh-in".

Even literature, which would perhaps seem too restricted by built-in limitations of type, paper and the nature of language to allow for much testing, is engaged in a complicated use of typography (including an examination of the "silent" spaces) and new plot and viewpoint discontinuities which almost succeed in suspending the inescapable measure of the printed word as a record of thoughts in the past.

Painting is, of course, linked with all the arts in the same self-critical tendency that has been a part of all disciplines, including the sciences, for the last 100 years. It is an attempt to determine what is essential to the particular medium -- not as an act of destruction, but as an act of purification. What remains as essential to the particular medium is considered stronger and of more value.

The essential condition of painting is thought to be its flatness, its two dimensionality, the fundamental characteristic



it shares with no other medium. The development of painting toward this realization began earnestly with the paintings of Manet, in the middle of the 19th century. By the use of heavier pigment and loosely applied brushstrokes, Manet began to loosen the medium of painting from considerations of subject--literary, political and religious meaning--which had, since the Renaissance, disguised in the illusion of three dimensional reality, the nature of the medium itself. By calling attention to pigment and surface, Manet not only took the first major step toward redefining painting as a two-dimensional surface, he also pointed the way toward redirecting expression away from concerns outside of the medium to a direct relationship of expression to the materials of the medium itself.

It is, however, important to realize that both these considerations developed simultaneously, not as self-conscious considerations by the artists, who are concerned only with finding a framework for their own expression, but as an historical evolution to which time has given coherence.

From the Impressionists through Cezanne, Cubism, Abstract Expressionism, to present day color field painting, one can see the tightening of the essential two-dimensionality of painting. Representational objects were, for the most part, expunged from painting because, in this context, they bent color and form toward subject rather than toward expression in terms of the painting materials alone. Furthermore, representational images created the kind of three-dimensional space which objects from the real world inhabit, therefore remaining incompatible with the two-dimensional surface of painting.

In contemporary painting one senses that this development is virtually complete. Can one go beyond a perfectly blank canvas (Rauschenberg) or the single stripe paintings of Barnett Newman and the one color field paintings of Jules Olitski? Many painters think not, and after frustrated experimentation with shaping the canvas away from the rectangle, they simply yanked painting off the wall and made it three dimensional; which is precisely where the final, thin "objectness" of the painting surface had forced them. These Minimalists, who see painting as an exhausted medium, are creating simple geometric "objects" or "presences" which are closer to painting than sculpture, and function someplace between the two.

At the same time there are painters who continue to work within the so-called formalist tradition, that is, recognizing the literal, physical shape of the two-dimensional canvas, and the necessity to create expression through the materials they use. The formalist concern, best exemplified by Frank Stella, is to suspend the "objecthood" of the stretched canvas, by the use of pictorial shapes which paradoxically both affirm and deny the (not always rectangular) shape.

A number of other painters either do not accept the validity of this concern and therefore continue to deal in representational images, or have reintroduced abstract or partially representational images, which serve the artist's expressive ends, and function in the traditional cubist way of relating shapes to each other and the edge of the canvas.

Either way, it is important to state again that we are not discussing quality or aesthetic value, which may be present or not in any painting direction, but the historical struc-



ture to which contemporary painting belongs.

### Psychological

A fundamental tension of personality, may be seen as a conflict between intuition and intellect; emotion and thinking. Everyone contains these characteristics, rarely in equal balance, and this is reflected in individual styles and broad movements. It accounts for the expressionism of Van Gogh and the German Expressionists and the intellectual vigor of Mondrian and the Cubists. It also accounts for painters like de Kooning and Jackson Pollack leading the abstract expressionist movement at the same time that Barnett Newman and Mark Rothko were painting more intellectually ordered works. The Romantic movement of Abstract Expressionism with its torn shapes and smears led to a reaction of classicism; ordered geometric forms and a more conceptual approach to painting.

Abstract expressionism was, of course, in its turn a reaction against what was felt to be the arid intellectualism of cubism. Artists were freed to rediscover the sources of their emotion, intuitively, directly on canvases large enough to contain them. While it seems that classicism and romanticism form a cyclical reaction of movements (though this is a generalization that certainly may not continue to be true), the individual temperaments of artists continue to assert themselves either by leaving the mainstream, as did the Pop artists, forming a comparatively minor movement of their own, or within the current format. Newman's paintings of 1949 have a revitalized appreciation now that they are in tune with a classical movement, however, even in this context, Newman, despite the ordered, formal format of his stripe paintings, is often considered "romantic" in his use of expressive color and insistence on the spiritual content of his paintings.

### Philosophical

The terms romantic and classical are used not only to describe psychological or temperamental traits, but both philosophical and social trends of which, generally speaking, the painting style of the particular time is a reflection. The romantic struggle for individual freedom against the demands of the state is a conflict of individual will versus the interests of society; This can also be seen as a conflict of free expression against the limitations of the medium. The same can be said about the relation of the pictorial shape to the control of the rectangle. (Soft edge vs. hard edge).

The romantic concept in art is seen as a struggle for the hidden within the self, the intangible mysterious and unattainable. It assumes the kind of universal reality that is often associated with the metaphysical implication behind questions such as "What is Art?" The classical reaction against expressionism is consistent with the post war rise of the philosophies of Existentialism and Structuralism and the view that "meaning" and "universal reality" are not based upon absolute theories; rather, that the position of man in the world is essentially absurd.

If this is true, then the viewer must be free to experience his own world in relation to any work of art in the way that it is most meaningful to him. Subjective paintings which are embodiments of an imaginary world of the artist must be re-experienced by the viewer, and this is thought by many new artists to be an approach that is inherently sentimental. The recent stress on the "objecthood" of paintings and sculpture is, therefore, not only a formal extension of the medium but a representation of



a philosophical attitude, which also encompasses environments, happenings, Pop, and a number of other so-called "low" or "anti-art" considerations, which narrow the gap between art and life and seek to question rather than define the nature of art itself. At the same time, many of the innovations of "low" art have led to significant new "high" or expressive art forms. Oldenburg's soft sculptures are an example. Anti-art works, which have roots in Dada and Surrealism, are now, perhaps ironically, considered by some to have their own aesthetic of design and expression, as the recent exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art demonstrated. In any event, their attitudes, which are intellectual, and related more to concept than the visual work itself, have certainly led to an extremely fertile direction for many artists. There is increasing interest in the expressiveness of the intellectual concept behind the final product, thus making, many feel, the actual visual work irrelevant and unnecessary. This would include such works as Rauchanburg's erased deKooning, Andre's bricks arranged in mathematical permutations, Oldenburg's underground sculpture and a host of other ultra conceptual works which provide the substance of a new definition of art.

### Meaning and Expression

Though a conceptual view of art, backed by an absurdist view of man's position, would seem to deny universal expression and meaning, it is difficult not to feel that the artistic drive, however intellectual and austere, is rooted in the need to translate personal experience into universal meaning. Even the most conceptual, impersonally presented art seems capable of radiating universal significance, whether through color, which is never inexpressive, or the intriguing combination of passion and order behind the most conceptual art. The works of Stella, one of the leading figures of formalist painting, illustrate this point. Hailed for the intellectual completeness of his 1959 pin stripe paintings, which did nothing more expressive than uncompromisingly reaffirm the literal shape of the rectangle, Stella's recent paintings (still termed "objects") are painted in glowing day-glo colors, which lyrically weave through circular tondos--as fully expressive as the most powerful work of a roaring romantic. Then there's the recent "soft" sculptures of Claes Oldenburg, the artist who almost defined Pop art with his 8 foot cheesburger. Not only is that anti-art artist now referred to as an inventive genius and master for a whole new generation of sculptors, but his soft telephones and toilets are considered distinctly autobiographical, anthropomorphic, and universally expressive--in a most humanistic way.

*Jimmy Fenn*

*Thomas M. Burke*

If I can be allowed to give a general definition of "What is Art", I would just have to that "art" can be any expression, visual or auditory, by an intelligent being which either expresses or causes an emotional response to some degree.

It goes without saying that a monkey could not knowingly produce "art," but the expression could become an "art experience" by an intelligent observer, when the emotion and/or intellect become involved.

In the same way, "found art", as it is called, though not produced by man for that purpose, may indeed be art in its interpretation or presentation to or by the observer.

Although there is good art and bad art, and certainly some standards have been structured, both the expression and the interpretation of art are as personal as sex, and for this reason make any definition highly susceptible to argument.

Favorite artist? Where do you want me to begin? I hope I never really have a favorite artist. When a piece which I am viewing appeals to me, the artist is more than likely my favorite artist at that moment.



Michael Leininger

"Once and for all  
the idea of glorious victories  
won by the glorious army  
must be wiped out  
neither side is glorious  
on either side they're just frightened men messing their pants  
and they all want the same thing  
not to live under the earth  
but to walk upon it  
without crutches."

"Marat Sade" Peter Weiss

We have been recently surprised by the apparent lack of thought on the part of many Mass Art students concerning the question of the country's present situation. The tone of what we say will point directly to our views and we shall make no attempt to veil them.

A significant aspect of an artist's nature is his appreciation for beauty and both his sensual and intellectual perception of his surroundings. Therefore, it should follow that when an artist finds himself in the midst of a materialistic and self-seeking society which is not only destroying the most precious part of its environment but the lives of its own and other societies' men, he should be dismayed and ready to fight for what he knows is right. Constant contact with a city such as Boston cannot but make one aware of the inequities which surround us. An eloquent testament to the lack of consideration for human dignity, the condition of this and many American cities is not only cruel, but provides ample space for the further growth of ignorance and degeneration.

How can one be expected to create statements of beauty and dignity amidst a populace of ignorant and unfortunately miserable people? As we begin to realize our growing importance in society, not as artists, but rather, as responsible and hopefully intelligent voices, we should be ready to assume the responsibility of a task. Each generation is ultimately upon to make its own contribution to the advancement of its society. The artist has always played his part in perceiving his time, often to the cries and harassment of those less perceptive. These statements are ever more eloquent in the times beyond conception, in which they are accepted and understood for their acumen.

However, the artist or any other man should confine himself in his endeavors to fortify his times against evil or ignorance. Ivory towers are prisons from which no voice spraks and the narrow path leads to nowhere. Today, as in other times, we are faced with much ugliness. Ritous cities which instill fear and anger in the hearts of men and ignorance which impedes the progress and fullfilment of men's lives concern ourselves. We must act now or find that all of our aesthetic endeavours will be reduced to pultry trivia.



Action is not manifested in a profession of love, perception and/or withdrawl induced by drugs or simply poetry; it is resistance and formulation in the construction of the way of life based upon new and realistic ideals. These ideals, by the same token, cannot be transcribed from Walden, The Bible, or the Bill of Rights. They cannot essentially be written down. They can only be effected through positive action, subversive of corrupt powers, and trust in oneself and one's ability to teach to others basic human solidarities.

These thoughts conclude with a personal appeal to you as a responsible human being and not as an artist to think and then act in the most appropriate manner fitting your perception of what is right and what is wrong. The quidelines of one's conscience are, in the long run, ever more fulfilling than the easy way out.







Donald Davidson

I must admit that I tend to laugh when discussions of this nature arise, although I do realize that there are others to whom this question poses a kind of life's work. And I certainly don't deny anyone that right; I mean I've seen it happen before, particularly to someone who really feels quite fervently and honestly about the whole thing.

But I just simply hold that it isn't important to me; I don't try to define art and I really don't care about related questions and concerns.

You can talk all you want as well as read all you want about "art" and I do concede the fact that there is something to be gained from that sort of thing (an individual example of this is the recent provoking and highly informative article by sculptor Dan Flavin in the March issue, 1968, of ARTFORUM magazine on ....an American artist's education...."), but in the final analysis all that is important is the looking..... and involvement.

I also believe that the "traditional values", the old ways of looking at art, as it were, are not that useful, or moreso, accessible anymore. If it is to be called a "sensibility" (and I use that word loosely), then what has taken place (that is in regards to the new work in general) is an increased demand upon the viewer to no longer maintain an attitude of being an uninvolved, passive onlooker.

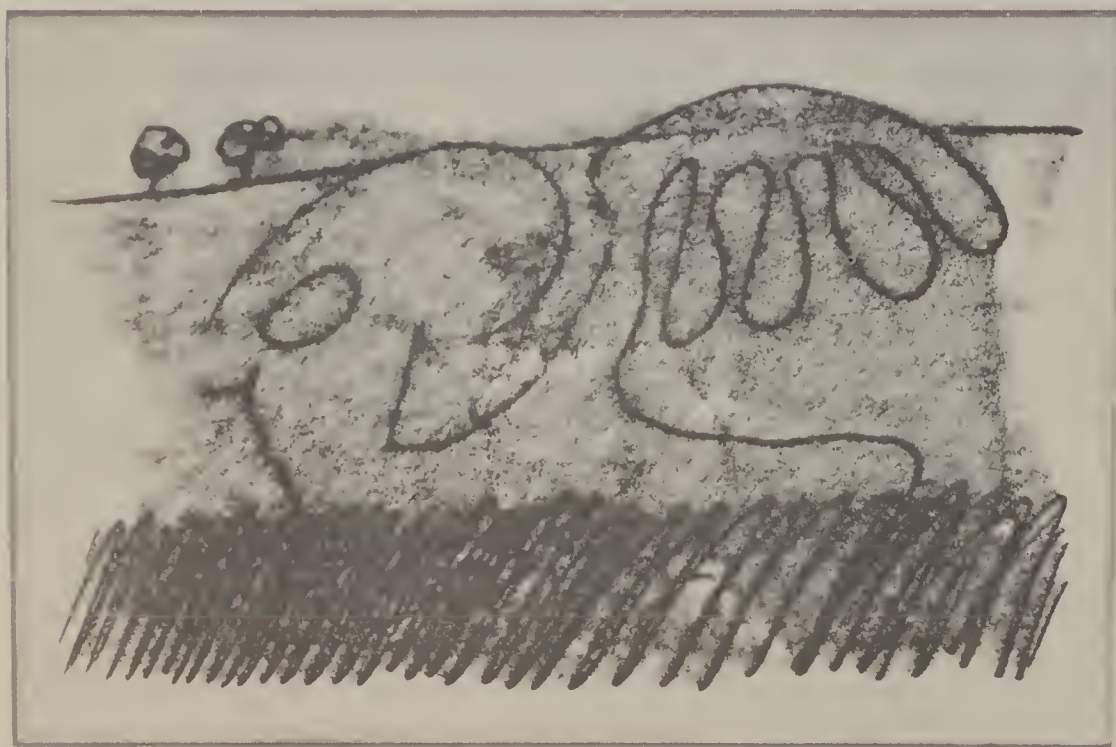
I want you to understand though that I'm not rejecting the past; on the contrary, I just feel now that my attitude, my involvement, has provided me with a much greater regard for the past as well as providing me with an increasing awareness of it.

One makes art.....

Myles B. Carey

I have heard that art, or rather the creative process finds its roots in the preconscious mind. So what! Statements like "What is Art?" are very difficult for an artist to answer. Usually answers that are given deal with color, composition, content, intent, etc. These totally miss the point of art. People that primarily involve themselves with those points create nothing. Nothing but a work that can verbally be criticized. Honesty with yourselves plays the most important role in an artists work. I suppose then that I'm cornered into listing the "How's" in creating art. Emotion, a concrete understanding of a particular belief. Not emotionalism such as the expressionists felt, that's a different bag, and I don't intend to pass judgement on anyone else but myself. Once this emotion instinctively has been realized, I must try to organize it into something I can understand and communicate visually. Total awareness is intimately involved with the actual realization of art. Awareness of values, or realities, of the poetry of things, of completely believing that what you think you understand .....is real.

An artist can stand before a garden, see it, smell it, eat of it -- and once it is gone he can see it again, smell and taste it again, even more beautifully than before.





DP

Richard Gray

- a Why do you draw?
- b To keep from going crazy<sup>1</sup>
- c ish biddley ohdoh ohdoh skadinktasaddah  
ish biddle biddle biddle ohdoh skadinktawaddah  
  
eenie meenie tippieyick dayah doyah dominick 2  
dayah doyah dominoyah hai.poon.tash.(ugh) kram
- d art is science insofar as experience is in science  
the presentation of an art as a personal image percept  
is the obligation of the artist. found art is like  
a tube of paint or a bottle of medium and should only  
be sold as artist's supplies at a correspondingly exor-  
bitant rate  
the happening defined as a universal experience is  
like a sunset (not art) open to formation of an image  
percept. anyone can be an artist at a happening
- e Do you like the idea of untrained artistic experience?
- f Where do the jobs go? few enough artists find work now,  
if everyone caught on, we'd have to become politicians  
or salesmen. people buy art because the discrimination  
necessary to good art is hard to come by. if inspiration  
is all you need, they'd sell that instead of arts
- g Talk about a common ground for artist and viewer only  
applies to illustration none other than the artist sees  
his recollection of the subject mother love, hunger,  
and other good things are universal, but not art experience
- h Is it then necessary to explain art?
- i You can make a living at it critics save busy people  
a lot of time

(.... )

- a what time is it what's your name who's your mayor what's  
roofing spar?
- j 2:24 john dick francis x collins what's roofing spar?
- t it's a tar! like substance you put on before shingles.
- j how do you know when you're going to get shingles?
- a, (shaking off hat) how do i come by this strange power over  
women?
- j (footnotes) lm. avery 2r.o. kelsey
- a if a man who makes art is an artist, then why isn't the art  
artery?
- j i discovered textine at a bookstore . it's closed now

Hayd Court

Art-the manifestation of a human need to create. A discretion of order, initiated and perceived in and by the senses. The artist collates forms imposing a system upon apparent disunity. This system is devised and defined by the artist's current decisions. These decisions may be formed by outside stimuli and/or inner perception. His perception transmutes sensory impulses into an audible, visual, tactile, reorganization of these impulses. The resulting action may be a work of art.

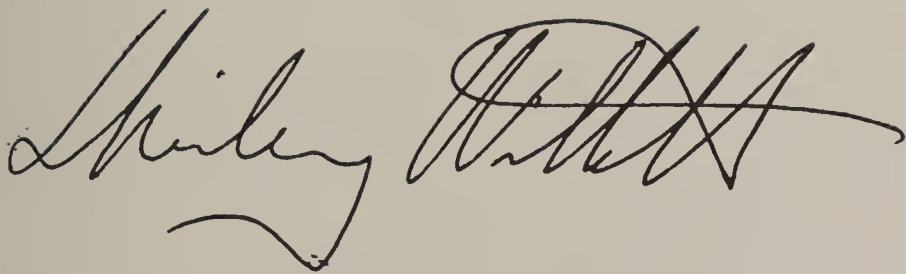
Criteria for developing or determining a work of art are nebulous. Art has a quality of transcendence. It collects known or suspected values and organizes them into a system unique to the particular creation. The spectator-viewer-listener may recognize the ambience of ideas and ideals. These are characterized by the presence of the work -- its charisma.

The artist's ego instigates and completes the work with all the pleasure and pain inherent therein. The ego dissatisfied, prods for refinement of the existing work or repetition of the entire process -- creating a new work.

Resultant aesthetic considerations, the work's mystique, etc., are by-products of the work. His own art, as understood and known by the artist, often is devoid of these considerations at the time of inception-conception. He knows only the forward-backward progress illuminated by rare flashes of a kind of insight that seems to clarify his work and goals. These moments may hold a kind of mystery reflected in the work. They may awe the artist.

Art is the continuing record of the basic need of man to transcend himself.



A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Shirley Holt". The signature is fluid and expressive, with a large, sweeping initial 'S' and a stylized 'H'.

Creativity ( in the visual arts ) is the result of observations that excited the artist and were then retained subconsciously in some region of the mind until the need or desire brought them to the conscious; howsoever breded with other thoughts or changed by set beliefs.

If the above were proven true, the following are conclusions for the artist:

To observe as much as possible; not just to look but to absorb what you see.

To feel or be excited by what you have seen.

To develop a good, yet free set of values.

To labor - to put pressure upon yourself to bring about the birth of the idea.

Virginia S. Bethany

I have no clear definition of art because art means many things to me. It may be a painting which gives me pleasure because of its colors, its form or its design; it may be a performance by Helen Hayes on the legitimate stage; it could be an exciting dance performed by Jose Greco; a piano concerto by Arturo Rubinstein; a Russian ballet; a thought-provoking novel or play; nature in all its glory in the springtime when the fruit trees are in full bloom, or in the fall when the leaves are turning; and what about the fantastic art work in the sky when you're flying high above the clouds? I do not believe that art was ever meant to be ugly.

What artist best typifies my viewpoint?

There is no one artist, but in the fine arts, I feel that David Berger's work typifies the kind of art work I admire. His paintings and prints were always so full of color. David thought so well of everyone that he couldn't help but convey his feelings onto his canvas. He had a wonderful sense of humor and everytime I look at one of his works of art I feel happier.

Bruce C. Hawthorne

Dr. Hawthorne, as the student body of Mass. Art knows, is a person who tries to view a thing from all sides. Get him talking about art and he treats you to a kaleidoscope of quick, verbal sketches rather than a carefully thought out masterpiece of awesome significance. He leaves you with concrete philosophical opinions.

"You know," he said, "I'm glad someone finally asked me to say something about art. I've been dying to for years now. While at Harvard I enrolled in an art appreciation course, thinking that I should get some 'culture'. It was a slide-lecture type thing. I stayed for only five minutes of the first lecture. The constant flashing of the slides reminded me too much of the armed service and their slide lectures. When I joined the faculty at Mass. Art fifteen years ago, I thought, 'Oboy! I'm finally going to learn what art is!' It isn't quite that simple.

"I bought my first painting in 1954; I own four all together now. The first one was done by a Mass. Art graduate



who was then a sophomore. The painting was titled The Cows. It is of some cows standing in a pasture, but it's done with some pretty wild colors. The Professor of Painting for the seniors at that time and Mr. Kupferman had quite a row over it. One loved it, the other couldn't stand it.

"You wanted to know if there was a particular painting that has excited me. I can remember the Chrysler Collection when it was in Boston in '59. There was a Cezanne in the collection called Aqueduct. I went through the show looking at the paintings. When I got to the Cezanne--bam!--it really hit me! Do you know I went back to that same show three different times on three different days, and that same painting stopped me the same way each time? No other painting before or since has affected me like that. But I can't tell you why.

"As far as the type of art I like goes, we've talked mostly about painting. Sculpture I don't care for much. I went by Picasso's sculpture in Chicago, though, and remember thinking, 'Oh yeah! This is the one everybody's talking about.' I liked it.

"I go for contemporary architecture--the outside structure and the interior spacing. My uncle was an architect. He'd stand in front of a building and say to it, 'Make me like you.' I couldn't see that.

"Have you seen Simmons' Library? It was done by a firm with a real Yankee name. But they hired this crazy Italian to do the interior decor. He'd do things like paint a door frame in bright orange and the opposite wall in red. It really shook up all the old fuddy-duddy women who thought they knew what good taste was. I brought Mr. Kupferman over there one day. He said it was like walking inside a modern painting. It needs re-painting now. I just hope they keep the color scheme and not do it over in battleship grey....

"I don't believe that you can take someone else's philosophy on art or on anything else and use it as your own. I think that everyone has to develop his own philosophy. I've read only two books that are supposed to tell you all about what art is. But they don't...really. One is John Dewey's Art As Experience, and the other is by an Englishman---'Gombrich' I think his name is--who talked about art as a reflection of man's culture.

"If you're going to look at art as a whole, the Englishman seems to have the right idea: view art as a part of a whole period in man's existence because the society, politics, economy and aesthetics of the day are what the art reacts to. Maybe that's why I never stayed for that slide lecture course at Harvard--art was taken by itself, isolated from the culture it was supposed to represent.

"As far as telling a good piece of art from a bad piece, I'm afraid I must admit that I have no standards on which to base an opinion. And I'm really not sure why. If I like a painting, I like it. Very seldom do I actually intensely dislike a piece of art."

William Andy Meier

FORSEEN ON THE HORIZON

Those in authority have seen fit that whoever they order to fill out the form below must do so!

Name\_\_\_\_\_Address\_\_\_\_\_Reason for living there\_\_\_\_\_

Alias\_\_\_\_\_Secret Address\_\_\_\_\_Date of birth\_\_\_\_\_

Date of birth you prefer to use\_\_\_\_\_Tel.No.\_\_\_\_\_Worst enemy's Tel.No.\_\_\_\_\_

Height\_\_\_\_\_Weight\_\_\_\_\_Religion\_\_\_\_\_Sex\_\_\_\_\_Favorite color\_\_\_\_\_

Describe your favorite clothes\_\_\_\_\_Brand of underwear\_\_\_\_\_

Spouse's name\_\_\_\_\_Her/his description\_\_\_\_\_Her/his age\_\_\_\_\_Her/his I.Q.\_\_\_\_\_

Her/his political beliefs\_\_\_\_\_Her/his skin conditions\_\_\_\_\_

Are you a leftist?\_\_\_\_\_If so, why?\_\_\_\_\_If not, why not?\_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever called your insurance man a derogatory name?\_\_\_\_\_

If you have, why?\_\_\_\_\_If you have not, why not?\_\_\_\_\_

At what time were you running from the law?\_\_\_\_\_

At what time were you not running from the law?\_\_\_\_\_

Why was this?\_\_\_\_\_Who influenced your decision?\_\_\_\_\_

Are you a racist, draft-resistor, cat-lover, dog-hater, mugwump, boot-licker, sadist, oaf, fink, guru, vegetarian, tax-dodger, or a counter-revolutionary?\_\_\_\_\_

Have you ever read Avatar?\_\_\_\_\_How many times have you read the Communist Manifesto?\_\_\_\_\_

Your place of birth\_\_\_\_\_Spouse's place of birth\_\_\_\_\_

Describe the event\_\_\_\_\_What would you do if you found a fly in your soup?\_\_\_\_\_

Are you partial to tarantulas?\_\_\_\_\_or moths?\_\_\_\_\_or kiwi eggs?\_\_\_\_\_

Why are you not mentally stable?\_\_\_\_\_Don't you like this country?\_\_\_\_\_  
this state?\_\_\_\_\_this city?\_\_\_\_\_

Do you like this questionnaire?\_\_\_\_\_Explainingfully\_\_\_\_\_

Who, what, when, where, why, how, for what reason, at what time, in what place?\_\_\_\_\_

On a separate ream of paper state your reason for living.



Marcelle Duchamp in an interview in Aspen 5 - 6 magazine stated that he could make no attempt to define art, "it may be good, bad or indifferent. No matter what adjective you use it is still art."

PLAY: I BELIEVE YOU? PATTIE HOGAN

*Jedick R. Randor*

Characters

Pattie Hogan (on film)

Girl

Man (on film)

Women (on film)

Crowd

Manager

SCENE

Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y., 1978; five p.m. The station is a mob rushing home. They remain still through the entire play.

1. Screen on which the washroom scenes are to be shown.

Stage left, men's washroom.

Stage right, women's washroom.

2. Screen on which the Pattie Hogan film will be shown.

It is semi-circular and the film distorts her body in its showing.

Screens are transparent and allow the light of the background to show through. Pattie is 20, she never changes.



The curtain opens, the music begins and the film of Pattie Hogan is begun.

Pattie: It is the year 1978. I'm famous. My name is Pattie Hogan. These are my symbols.

(She points inside as the lights go on: music stops: girl speaks.)

Girl: A symbol is a representative sign used as an abbreviation.

Pattie: (Smiles and the music is resumed)  
It is important that art communicate to the people. They must realize what it's all about, and all that shit. But even shit is reality. It's on the streets, in the houses, and in the toilet too! Yes! The toilets, beautifully designed sculpturally interesting and architecturally sound toilets: Toilets of white, and blue and pink. Imagine shitting in a pink toilet and using yellow toilet paper.

Girl: Yellow is the first primary color, the compliment of violet.

Pattie: Yellow is my favorite color, yellow and white. It's important to be associated with a color. A color can be an identity! I identify with yellow. I didn't always.....You see that washroom over there? The one with the yellow door?

(Shiny yellow door of men's washroom is visible, man enters)

That's my favorite door. Within that realm of yellow is a cavern of filth. And under the grease of the city lies an original Pattie Hogan. See it! Over there. (She points)

( Film of washroom, gray and dirty with a row of hoppers on one side and a row of sinks on the other. One man has just finished going to the bathroom and walks over to the sinks. There are no towels and he wipes his hands on his handkerchief, then leaves. )

...between hoppers three and four. (A close up of the sculpture is seen of that film.) It's made of Urethane foam! It floats. Isn't that great, and that silver plated Bucky Fuller light, that's mine too! (The film shows a close up of the light. Then the men's washroom fades out) Art is utilitarian. I've been saying that for years. Sculpture belongs in places like this. That door over there (She points) leads to the fantasy of reality.

Girl: Reality is anything which can be perceived by the senses.



Pattie: ...feel blue....

(Washroom lights go on, three women are visible: three toilets, two sinks, and a chair. Women at the mirror in a booth and a third sitting.)

See if you can guess what's mine in there? ...That mirror?...

No! There's no need to create mirrors. We are all the mirrors of each other. Look at me and see yourself. And look at the person next to you. Does he have pimples? You do too!....

Could it be that dispenser?....No....I'm already a dispenser.

We dispense what we know, whatever we do.

Girl: Knowledge is the summary of experiences.

Pattie: But there's so much to know. Isn't it funny how the more we learn the more we realize how much we have to learn?...

Yes!...That's it!....It's that matt black sculptural shape over there. The one that looks like a question mark. It has function too, when some of those hussies sit on it. Whop!!!.....

All that flesh spreads like jello-filled cellulose bags on either side of my sculpture. You know I can almost feel it...

UH!!!....How would you like to be smothered by blubber?....Anyway....It's necessary to accept these annoyances.

(The women's room fades away.)

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost being overtaken by the enemy. All for want of a horse's nail".....

It won't be that way with my message. Realistic art must be taken in context. I once made a set of full size paper dolls, complete with detachable clothes. And underneath those sill, feminine, naive clothes was a body like you've never seen before, in pink underwear. Now you'd have to take something like that in context. You can't respond to something like that with generalities; it doesn't work. How can you tell if someone's going to make it if you've never heard of them before. So, I'm appealing to everyone. I'm showing things in the libraries, stations, bus stops, washrooms, cellars, bars and private homes too!....Now that art has become subsidized by the government, it's easier to work, and when you give art away any one can afford it. I want everyone to know that I have something to say about where I am and what I'm doing and that I represent all the other little people who have something to say. All these people (She points to the crowd) who have been where I'm going and felt what I'm about to feel, they'll all associate with me because I want them to and I have made it possible. All that sterile and meaningless art of ten years ago is gone. And people are beginning to understand that contemporary art is not new.

Girl: Contemporary art is that which has not been recognized before but for some phenomenon is now accepted.

Pattie: Art changes. Everyday someone sees something that no one has bothered to see before. I am already passé. But aren't we all? There's another generation all ready to take our places.

(Pattie begins next speech but fades out)

In the beginning all time was relative to experience. There was no garden as such in which Adam and Eve spent their time, but only better times, because of the harder ones now.....

Girl: The end.

(Lights dim, stage empties; man enters)

Manager: You people are supposed to leave....or think.... or cry.... or do anything you want. It's your own time your wasting now. The performance is over.

# SECRET

this is not two weeks ago yesterday

there is a time  
between  
winter rains  
when  
red paper  
poppies  
touch and  
retouch  
prussian blue  
petals -  
morning glories  
and  
the nutmeg  
world  
of reality  
fades  
only to be  
reborn  
in  
words from  
the  
far coast -  
words  
that scream  
rather  
than whisper -  
every thing is  
nothing  
nothing is  
everything  
and  
northern lights  
glow

downward sideward  
~~against~~  
~~the snow~~  
~~glen~~  
rose red  
against the wall  
of time -----

DAVID H. LEWIS



No. 180. FRANCONIA NOTCH, near Lafayette House.

# SECRET



Robert Pallock

Judy: What is art?  
Rob: Forget it.

This position between being and could have been  
Is becoming ridiculous  
It's having an upsetting effect on your inside outlet

So your navel's off center?  
What can you do?  
It's the way it grew  
We all know you didn't plan it that way.

But, Baby, something's gotta give  
You can't go on living like this

Why don't you try walking with your hip a little to the left.

Angela

"Every Silver Lined Cloud has a Gray Interior"

I complained every time I had to take a little walk  
until I met a man who had no legs. Realizing my utter great  
fortune I went dancing down the street singing of how great  
it was to have two legs until I was arrested for dancing and  
singing on a public street without a license.

--W. Andy Meier



Sometimes falling is so good.  
spinning, rippling off dreams  
cool, refreshing fantasies  
mindbending, illusionary  
hope and falling forever  
warm like a comet  
too drugged  
too happy  
to realize  
the inevitable rocks.  
falling in love  
even when it isn't  
can frustrate, twist  
and freeze, can wax  
a soul, vacuum a mind,  
until every breath  
shutters with age.  
nothing hurts more  
then falling down  
like summer colapsing  
beneath winter.  
always the same pattern  
crying, quaking,  
or never knowing  
her at all...

a freshman

in love with life  
because we live.  
in love with us  
because we love.  
in love with love  
because it is love.

terry grund

## BEATING UP ARNOLD

Stanley, Roger and Alf were beating up Arnold. Roger's turn was just starting, and already he had gotten fresh rivulets of blood from an already-pulped nose. Suddenly he stopped.

"Hey," he said. "What the hell am I doing this for? My father beat up Arnold's father, my father's father beat up his father's father -- what are we beating up Arnolds for?"

He sat down and started rummaging through his pockets. He looked up.

"What's Arnold got in his pockets?"

They all three went through the pile of things they took out of Arnold's pockets, while Arnold stood by, waiting for nothing in particular, interested in nothing at all.

Three bandaids, one handkerchief, a collapsible alms-cup. That was all.

Roger helped them stuff the things back into Arnold's pockets; then he sat down again, leaning against Arnold's spindly legs, and went through his own pockets.

Three of Arnold's school-papers, answers scribed proudly after each question; five pieces of gum -- "I forgot I had 'em," Roger said, giving one each to Stanley, Alf, and Arnold, and popping two into his own mouth. Arnold stood a moment, stupefied by such riches, then greedily swallowed it in a swift blur of motion. Then Roger produced five keys, one for each closet or locker of clothes, at home and at school; a pencil, a pen, a file-card with answers cribbed on it.

He put it all back into his pockets; Stanley and Alf watched. Then he turned to them.

"I've got more than Arnold's got. I'm cleaner than Arnold is. I'm richer than Arnold is. Why should I beat up Arnold? I'm quitting!"

He turned his back on the trio.

After Stanley, Alf and Arnold finished beating up Roger, Stanley and Alf went back to beating up Arnold.



The I.D. department has received approximately \$3000 in grants, scholarships and competitions from the Gillette Company this past year and will receive a like amount each year depending on the growth of the department.

One junior and two sophomore scholarships of \$200 each will be presented to deserving students in the near future. In addition to these scholarships totaling \$600 the following is a list of other money awards.

#### Boston Chapter IDSA Competition

Robert Ferraro	1st Prize	\$100
Edward Dricoll	2nd Prize	\$50
Stanley Bergeron	3rd Prize	\$50
Carl Hardy	Honorable Mention	Certificate

#### Senior

Richard Morgado	Student of the Year	Award
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#### Gillette Competition

Theodore	1st Prize	\$100
Robert Shelton	2nd Prize	\$75
Mark Alexander	Honorable Mention	\$25
Richard Boucher	"	\$25
Richard Mor gado	"	\$25
David Urbanus	"	\$25

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Robert Kelsey  
Lawrence Kirby  
David Random  
James Stamotelas  
Betty Towers  
Judith Dandor

cover

*Jeffrey Boudreau*